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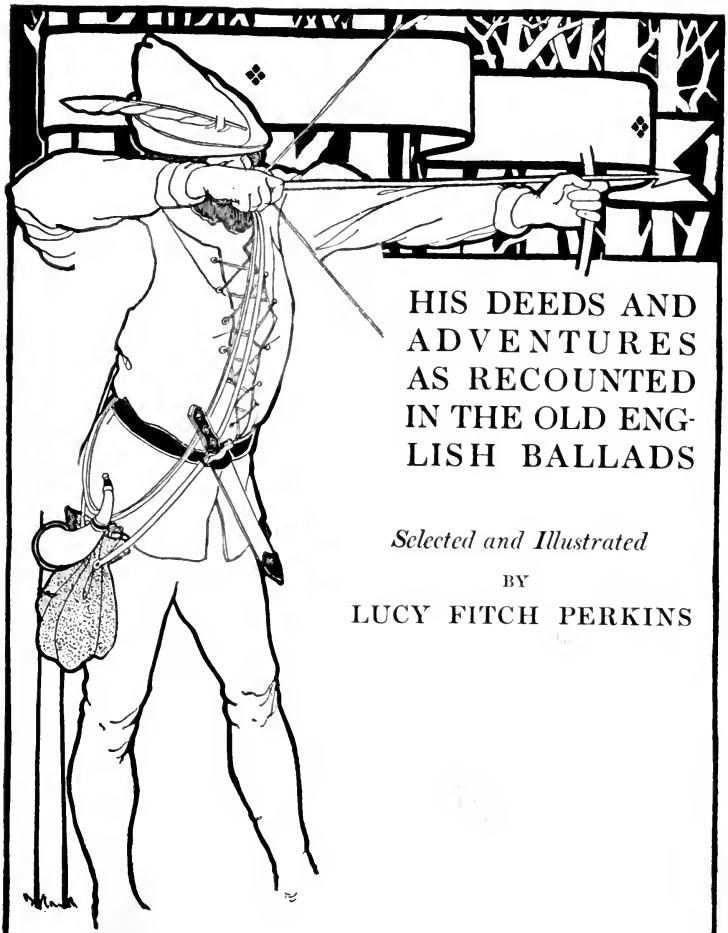
The Dandelion:
Classics for:
Children
Selected and:
Illustrated
by
Lucy Fitch Perkins

ROBIN
HOOD

THEN garlands they brought her by two and by two,
And placed them all on the bride's head



HIS DEEDS AND ADVENTURES AS RECOUNTED IN THE OLD ENGLISH BALLADS

Selected and Illustrated

BY

LUCY FITCH PERKINS

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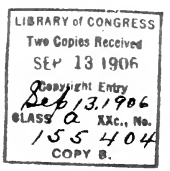

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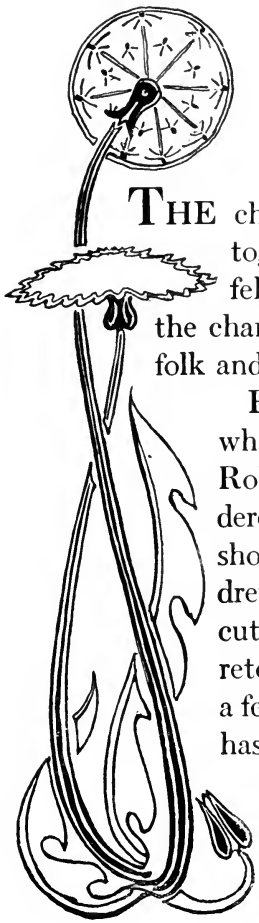
TO MY MOTHER,
THESE DRAWINGS ARE
AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



FOREWORD

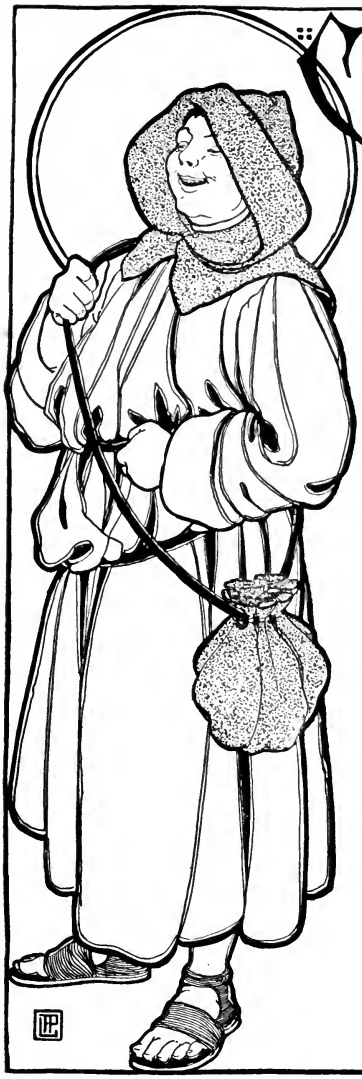
THE children of the world are bound together in a dear and enduring fellowship through their love for the characters made real by the ballads, folk and fairy tales of old.

Familiarity with the literature which gives them such friends as Robin Hood and Little John, Cinderella, Aladdin, and many another should be the birthright of all children. While there are many short cuts to their acquaintance in the retold stories which have been such a feature of recent publication, there has been no uniform illustrated edition of these classics in their original form for children. The Dandelion Classics are designed to supply this need, and "Robin

Hood'' is the first of a series of books made, decorated, and illustrated in color expressly for children.

The text for each book of the series is selected from the best of the original versions, and the illustrations are designed in the same romantic spirit, while they are also historically correct — so far as may be — in their attention to details of costumes and other accessories. Since these tales are the common flowers of our literature, springing from the imagination of the people, it seemed fitting that the chosen device of the edition which lovingly enshrines them should be that common flower which blooms everywhere, under the humblest conditions, and which is the delight of childhood all around the green old earth. It is for this reason that these books are called the "Dandelion Classics."

The ballads are selected from versions which are authoritative. A few slight verbal changes were necessary, but in all essentials they are the same songs with which wandering minstrels delighted our ancestors, generations ago, as they sat about the winter fire in cottage or in hall.



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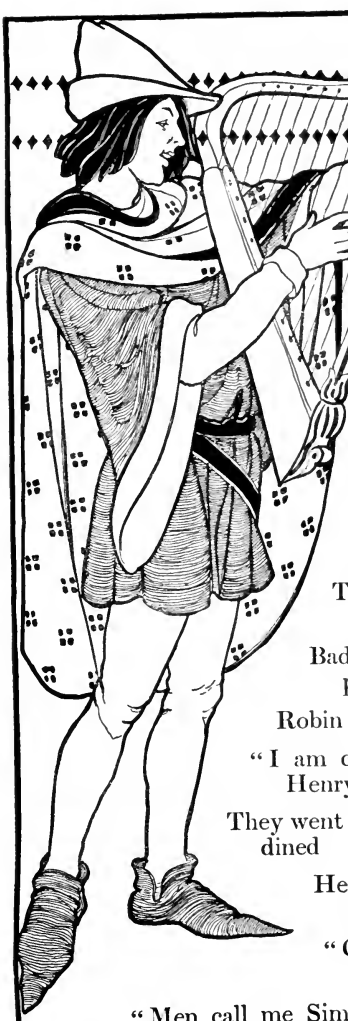

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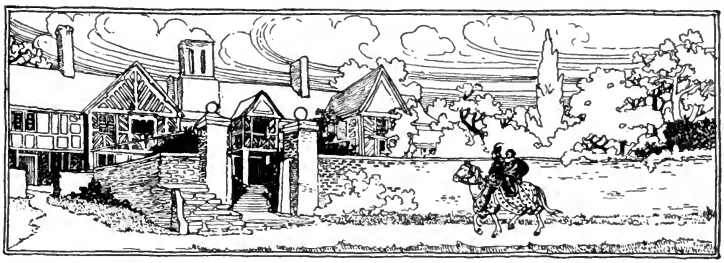
ROBIN HOOD'S BIRTH, VALOUR AND MARRIAGE



Robin Hood's Birth, Valour, and Marriage

A BALLAD of bold Robin Hood; showing his birth, breeding, valour, and marriage at Titbury Bull-running.

KIND gentlemen, will you be patient awhile?
Ay, and then you shall hear anon
A very good ballad of bold Robin Hood,
And of his brave man Little John.

In Locksley town, in merry Nottinghamshire,
In merry sweet Locksley town,
There bold Robin Hood he was born and was bred,
Bold Robin of famous renown.

The father of Robin a forester was,
And he shot with a lusty strong bow,
Two north country miles and an inch at a shot,
As the Pinder of Wakefield does know.

For he brought Adam Bell, and Clim of the Clough,
And William of Clowdesle,[1]
To shoot with our forester for forty mark,
And the forester beat them all three.

His mother was niece to the Coventry knight,
Which Warwickshire men call Sir Guy;
For he slew the blue boar that hangs up at the gate,
Or mine host of the Bull tells a lie.

Her brother was Gamwel, of Great Gamwel-Hall,
A noble house-keeper was he,
Ay, as ever broke bread in sweet Nottinghamshire,
And a 'squire of famous degree.

The mother of Robin said to her husband,
"My honey, my love, and my dear,

[1] *Pronounced Clowdel-le*

Let Robin and me ride this morning to Gamwel,
To taste of my brother's good cheer."

And he said, "I grant thee thy boon, gentle Joan,
Take one of my horses, I pray:
The sun is arising, and therefore make haste,
For to-morrow is Christmas-day."

Then Robin Hood's father's grey gelding was brought,
And saddled and bridled was he;
God wot a blue bonnet, his new suit of clothes,
And a cloak that did reach to his knee.

She got on her holiday kirtle and gown,
They were of a light Lincoln green;
The cloth was homespun, but for colour and make
It might have beseemed our Queen.

And then Robin got on his basket-hilt sword,
And his dagger on his tother side;
And said, "My dear mother, let 's haste to be gone,
We have forty long miles to ride."

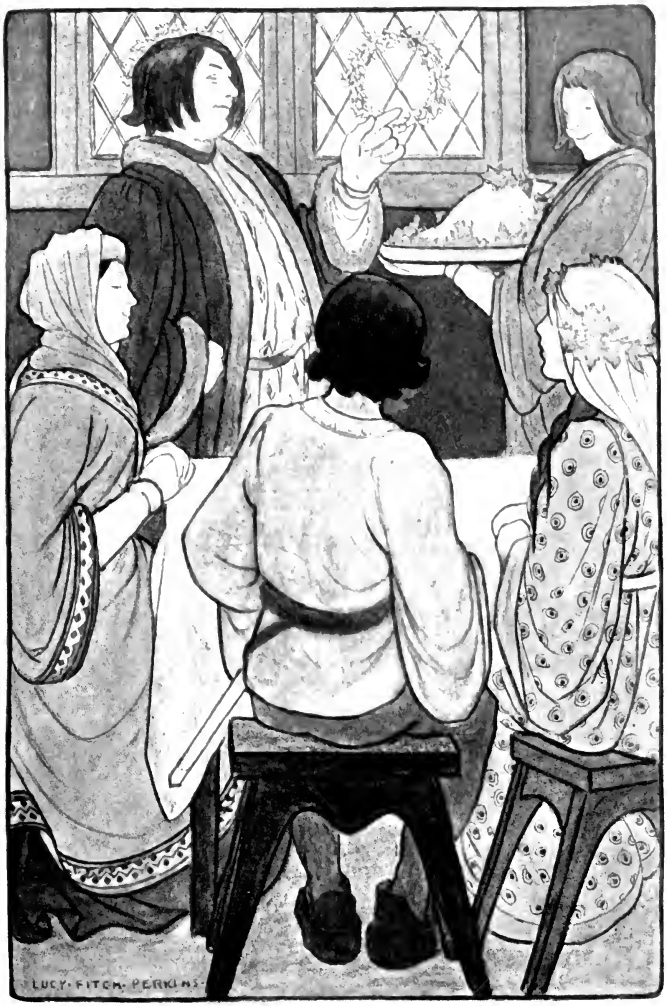
When Robin had mounted his gelding so grey,
  His father, without any trouble,
Set her up behind him, and bade her not fear,
  For his gelding had oft carried double.

And when she was settled, they rode to their neighbours,
  And drank and shook hands with them all ;
And then Robin galloped, and never gave o'er,
  Till they 'lighted at Gamwel-Hall.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
  Was joyful his sister to see ;
For he kissed her and kissed her, and swore a great oath,
  "Thou art welcome, kind sister, to me."

To-morrow, when mass had been said in the chapel,
  Six tables were covered in the hall,
And in comes the 'squire, and makes a short speech,
  It was, "Neighbours, you 're welcome all.

"But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
  Till a Christmas carol he does sing :"



"*BUT not a man here shall taste my March beer,*
Till a Christmas carol he does sing"

Then all clapped their hands, and they shouted and
sung,
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

Now mustard and brawn, roast beef and plum pies,
Were set upon every table :
And noble George Gamwel said, "Eat and be merry,
And drink too, as long as you 're able."

When dinner was ended, his chaplain said grace,
And, "Be merry, my friends," said the 'squire ;
"It rains, and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire.

"And now call ye Little John hither to me,
For Little John is a fine lad
At gambols and juggling, and twenty such tricks,
As shall make you both merry and glad."

When Little John came, to gambols they went,
Both gentlemen, yeomen, and clown ;
And what do you think ? Why, as true as I live,
Bold Robin Hood put them all down.

And now you may think the right worshipful 'squire
Was joyful this sight for to see;
For he said, "Cousin Robin, Thou 'st go no more home,
But tarry and dwell here with me.

"Thou shalt have my land when I die, and till then
Thou shalt be the staff of my age."
"Then grant me my boon, dear uncle," said Robin,
"That Little John may be my page."

And he said, "Kind cousin, I grant thee thy boon;
With all my heart, so let it be."
"Then come hither, Little John," said Robin Hood,
"Come hither, my page, unto me.

"Go fetch me my bow, my longest long bow,
And broad arrows, one, two, or three;
For when 't is fair weather we 'll into Sherwood,
Some merry pastime to see."

When Robin Hood came into merry Sherwood,
He winded his bugle so clear;

And twice five and twenty good yeomen and bold
Before Robin Hood did appear.

"Where are your companions all?" said Robin Hood,
"For still I want forty and three."
Then said a bold yoeman, "Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the greenwood tree."

As that word was spoken, Clorinda came by,
The queen of the shepherds was she ;
And her gown was of velvet as green as the grass,
And her buskin did reach to her knee.

Her gait it was graceful, her body was straight,
And her countenance free from pride ;
A bow in her hand, and a quiver of arrows
Hung dangling by her sweet side.

Her eyebrows were black, aye, and so was her hair,
And her skin was as smooth as glass ;
Her visage spoke wisdom, and modesty too ;
Sets with Robin Hood such a lass!

Said Robin Hood, "Lady fair, whither away?
O whither, fair lady, away?"
And she made him an answer, "To kill a fat buck;
For to-morrow is Titbury day."[1]

Said Robin Hood, "Lady fair, wander with me
A little to yonder green bower;
There sit down to rest you, and you shall be sure
Of a brace or a leash in an hour."

And as we were going towards the green bower,
Two hundred good bucks we espy'd.
She chose out the fattest that was in the herd,
And she shot him through, side and side.

---

[1] *Titbury, or Stutesbury in Staffordshire, was the ancient seat of the Dukes of Lancaster. The castle was long the scene of great festivity and splendour. In its day the number of minstrels attached to the castle became so great that some means had to be found to preserve order among them; so one of their number was made "King of the minstrels." He had power to inflict fines and punishments, but as he often went beyond the bounds of justice in these penalties a court was held every year to adjust disputes. When the business of the court was done, there was a feast and afterward there was the brutal amusement of "bull baiting." A bull, having his tail, ears, and horns cut off, his body covered with soap, and his nose blown full of pepper, was let loose. If the minstrels could hold him long enough to pull out a handful of hair he was declared to be their property. This ballad purports to be written by the "King of the Fiddlers."*

"By the faith of my body," said bold Robin Hood,
"I never saw woman like thee;
And com'st thou from east, or com'st thou from west,
Thou need'st not beg venison from me.

"However, along to my bower you shall go,
And taste of a forester's meat."
And when we came thither we found as good cheer
As any man needs for to eat.

For there was hot venison, and warden pies cold,
Cream clouted, with honeycombs plenty;
And the servitors they were, besides Little John,
Good yeomen at least four and twenty.

Clorinda said, "Tell me your name, gentle sir";
And he said, "'T is bold Robin Hood:
Squire Gamwel 's my uncle, but all my delight
Is to dwell in the merry Sherwood;

"For 't is a fine life and 't is void of all strife."
"So 't is, sir," Clorinda replied.

"But oh," said bold Robin, "how sweet would it be,
If Clorinda would be my bride!"

She blushed at the motion, yet after a pause
Said, "Yes, sir, and with all my heart."
"Then let us send for a priest," said Robin Hood,
"And be married before we do part."

But she said, "It may not be so, gentle sir,
For I must be at Titbury feast;
And if Robin Hood will go thither with me,
I 'll make him the most welcome guest."

Said Robin Hood, "Reach me that buck, Little John,
For I 'll go along with my dear;
And bid my yeomen kill six brace of bucks,
And meet me to-morrow just here."

Before he had ridden five Staffordshire miles
Eight yeomen, that were too bold,
Bid Robin Hood stand and deliver his buck;
A truer tale never was told.

"I will not, faith," said bold Robin; "come, John,
Stand by me and we'll beat 'em all."
Then both drew their swords and so cut 'em and
slashed 'em
That five of them did fall.

The three that remained call'd to Robin for quarter,
And pitiful John begged their lives.
When John's boon was granted, he gave them good
counsel,
And sent them all home to their wives.

This battle was fought near to Titbury town,
When the bagpipes baited the bull.
I'm the king of the fiddlers, and I swear 't is truth,
And I call him that doubts it a gull;

For I saw them fighting, and fiddled the while,
And Clorinda sung "Hey derry down!
The bumkins are beaten, put up thy sword, Bob,
And now let's dance into the town."

Before we came in, we heard a strange shouting,
And all that were in it looked madly;

For some were on bull-back, some dancing a morris,[1]
And some singing Arthur-a-Bradley.

And there we see Thomas, our justice's clerk,
And Mary, to whom he was kind;
For Tom rode before her, and called Mary madam,
And kissed her full sweetly behind:

And so may your worships. But we went to dinner
With Thomas, and Mary, and Nan.
They all drank a health to Clorinda, and told her
Bold Robin Hood was a fine man.

When dinner was ended, Sir Roger, the parson
Of Dubbridge, was sent for in haste;
He brought his mass-book, and he bade them take hands,
And joined them in marriage full fast.

And then, as bold Robin Hood and his sweet bride
Went hand in hand to the green bower,

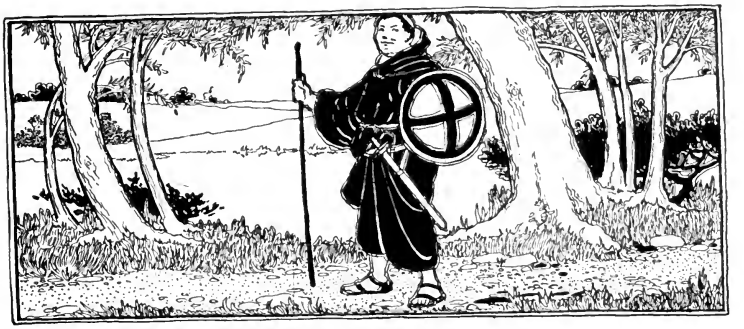
[1] *A dance at one time common in England, often performed in pageants, processions, or May games, the dancers assuming characters of romance. As Robin Hood was a popular hero, he, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian, and others of his company were often represented in the morris dance.*

The birds sung with pleasure in merry Sherwood,
And 't was a most joyful hour.

And when Robin came in sight of the bower,
"Where are my yeomen?" said he.
And Little John answer'd, "Lo, yonder they stand,
All under the greenwood tree."

Then garlands they brought her by two and by two,
And placed them all on the bride's head;
The music struck up, and we all fell to dance
Till 't was time that we all were a-bed.

ROBIN HOOD AND
THE CURTAL FRIAR



Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar

THE famous battle between
Robin Hood and Friar Tuck

IN summer time, when leaves grow green,
And flowers are fresh and gay,
Robin Hood and his merry men
Were disposed to play.

Then some would leap, and some would run,
And some would use artillery;
"Which of you can a good bow draw,
A good archer for to be?

Curtal Friar means one who acted as porter at the gate of a monastery.

"Which of you can kill a buck,
Or who can kill a doe?
Or who can kill a hart of greece[1]
Five hundred foot him fro?"

Will Scadlocke he killed a buck,
And Midge he killed a doe,
And Little John killed a hart of greece
Five hundred foot him fro.

"God bless thy heart," said Robin Hood,
"That hath such a shot for me;
I would ride my horse a hundred miles,
To find one could match thee."

This caused Will Scadlocke to laugh,
He laughed full heartily:
"There lives a curtal friar in Fountains Abbey
Will beat both him and thee.

"The curtal friar in Fountains Abbey
Well can a strong bow draw;
He will beat you and your yeomen,
Set them all on a row."

[1] *Greece means of high grade — a prize.*

Robin Hood he took a solemn oath,
It was by Mary free,
That he would neither eat nor drink
Till the friar he did see.

Robin Hood put on his harness good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

He took his bow into his hand,
It was made of a trusty tree,
With a sheaf of arrows at his belt,
And to Fountains Dale went he.

And coming into Fountains Dale,
No farther would he ride;
There he was aware of the curtal friar,
Walking by the water side.

The friar had on a harness good,
On his head a cap of steel,
Broad sword and buckler by his side,
And they became him weel.

Robin Hood 'lighted off his horse,
And tied him to a thorn:
"Carry me over the water, thou curtal friar,
Or else thy life 's forlorn."

The friar took Robin Hood on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leapt Robin off the friar's back;
The friar said to him again,
"Carry me over this water, thou fine fellòw,
Or it shall breed thy pain."

Robin Hood took the friar on his back,
Deep water he did bestride,
And spake neither good word nor bad,
Till he came at the other side.

Lightly leaped the friar off Robin Hood's back;
Robin Hood said to him again,
"Carry me over this water, thou curtal friar,
Or it shall breed thy pain."

The friar took Robin on 's back again,
And stept in to the knee;
Till he came at the middle stream
Neither good nor bad spake he.

And coming to the middle stream,
There he threw Robin in;
"And choose thee, choose thee, fine fellòw,
Whether thou wilt sink or swim."

Robin Hood swam to a bush of broom,
The friar to a wigger wand;
Bold Robin Hood is gone to shore,
And took his bow in his hand.

One of his best arrows under his belt
To the friar he let fly;
The curtal friar with his steel bucklèr
Did put that arrow by.

"Shoot on, shoot on, thou fine fellòw,
Shoot as thou hast begun,
If thou shoot here a summer's day,
Thy mark I will not shun."

Robin Hood shot passing well,
  Till his arrows all were gone;
They took their swords and steel bucklèrs,
  They fought with might and main,

From ten o' th' clock that very day,
  Till four i' th' afternoon;
Then Robin Hood came to his knees,
  Of the friar to beg a boon.

"A boon, a boon, thou curtal friar,
  I beg it on my knee;
Give me leave to set my horn to my mouth,
  And to blow blasts three."

"That I will do," said the curtal friar,
 "Of thy blasts I have no doubt;
I hope thou 'lt blow so passing well,
  Till both thy eyes fall out."

Robin Hood set his horn to his mouth,
  He blew out blasts three;
Half a hundred yeomen, with bows bent,
  Came raking over the lee.

THEY took their swords and steel bucklers,
They fought with might and main

"Whose men are these," said the friar,
"That come so hastily?"
"These men are mine," said Robin Hood;
"Friar, what is that to thee?"

"A boon, a boon," said the curtal friar,
"The like I gave to thee;
Give me leave to set my fist to my mouth,
And to whute whues three."

"That will I do," said Robin Hood,
"Or else I were to blame;
Three whues in a friar's fist
Would make me glad and fain."

The friar set his fist to his mouth,
And whuted whues three;
Half a hundred good band-dogs
Came running over the lee.

"Here's for every man a dog,
And I myself for thee."
"Nay, by my faith," said Robin Hood,
"Friar, that may not be."

Two dogs at once to Robin Hood did go,
The one behind, the other before;
Robin Hood's mantle of Lincoln green
Off from his back they tore.

And whether his men shot east or west,
Or they shot north or south,
The curtal dogs, so taught they were,
They kept the arrows in their mouth.

"Take up thy dogs," said Little John;
"Friar, at my bidding be."
"Whose man art thou," said the curtal friar,
"Comes here to prate with me?"

"I am Little John, Robin Hood's man;
Friar, I will not lie.
If thou take not up thy dogs soon,
I 'll take up them and thee."

Little John had a bow in his hand,
He shot with might and main;
Soon half a score of the friar's dogs
Lay dead upon the plain.

"Hold thy hand, good fellow," said the curtal friar,
"Thy master and I will agree;
And we will have new orders taken,
With all the haste may be."

"If thou wilt forsake fair Fountains Dale,
And Fountains Abbey free,
Every Sunday throughout the year,
A noble shall be thy fee.

"And every holiday through the year,
Changed shall thy garment be,
If thou wilt go to fair Nottingham,
And there remain with me."

This curtal friar had kept Fountains Dale
Seven long years and more;
There was neither knight, lord, nor earl
Could make him yield before.

LAN-
A-DALE

Robin Hood and Alan-a-Dale

OR, a pleasant relation how a young gentleman, being in love with a young damsel, she was taken from him to be an old knight's bride: and how Robin Hood, pitying the young man's case, took her from the old knight, when they were going to be married, and restored her to her love again.

To a pleasant northern tune:

Robin Hood in the Greenwood Stood.

COME listen to me, you gallants so free,
All you that love mirth for to hear,
And I will tell you of a bold outlaw
That lived in Nottinghamshire.

As Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree,
There he was aware of a brave young man,
As fine as fine might be.

The youngster was clothed in scarlet red,
In scarlet fine and gay ;
And he did frisk it over the plain,
And chanted a round-de-lay.

As Robin Hood next morning stood
Amongst the leaves so gay,
There did he see the same young man
Come drooping along the way.

The scarlet he wore the day before—
It was clean cast away ;
And at every step he fetched a sigh,
"Alack and a well-a-day!"

Then stepped forth brave Little John
And Midge the miller's son,
Which made the young man bend his bow,
When he did see them come.

AS Robin Hood in the forest stood,
All under the greenwood tree

"Stand off, stand off," the young man said,
"What is your will with me?"
"You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree."

And when he came bold Robin before,
Robin asked him courteously,
"Oh hast thou any money to spare
For my merry men and me?"

"I have no money," the young man said,
"But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years,
To have it at my wedding.

"Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she soon from me was ta'en,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain."

"What is thy name?" then said Robin Hood,
"Come tell me without any fail."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"My name it is Alan-a-Dale."

"What wilt thou give me," said Robin Hood,
"In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?"

"I have no money," then quoth the young man,
"No ready gold nor fee,
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be."

"How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without guile."
"By the faith of my body," then said the young man,
"It is but five little mile."

Then Robin he hasted over the plain,
He did neither stint nor lin,
Until he came unto the church
Where Alan should keep his wedding.

"What hast thou here?" the bishop then said;
"I prithee now tell unto me."
"I am a bold harper," quoth Robin Hood,
"And the best in the north country."

"Oh welcome, oh welcome," the bishop he said,
"That music best pleaseth me."
"You shall have no music," quoth Robin Hood,
"Till the bride and the bridegroom I see."

With that came in a wealthy knight,
Which was both grave and old,
And after him a finikin lass,
Did shine like the glistering gold.

"This is not a fit match," quoth bold Robin Hood,
"That you do seem to make here,
For since we are come into the church,
The bride shall choose her own dear."

Then Robin Hood put his horn to his mouth,
And blew blasts two or three;
When four and twenty bowmen bold
Came leaping over the lee.

And when they came into the church-yard,
Marching all in a row,
The first man was Alan-a-Dale,
To give bold Robin his bow.

"This is thy true love," Robin he said,
"Young Alan, as I hear say;
And you shall be married at this same time,
Before we depart away."

"That shall not be," the bishop he said,
"For thy word shall not stand.
They shall be three times asked in the church,
As the law is of our land."

Robin Hood pulled off the bishop's coat,
And put it upon Little John;
"By the faith of my body," then Robin said,
"This cloth does make thee a man."

When Little John went into the choir,
The people began to laugh;
He asked them seven times in the church,
Lest three times should not be enough.

"Who gives me this maid?" said Little John.
Quoth Robin Hood, "That do I,
And he that takes her from Alan-a-Dale,
Full dearly he shall her buy."

AND thus having ended his merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen

AND gave him the tail within his hand,
And bade him for Robin Hood pray

And thus having end of this merry wedding,
The bride looked like a queen;
And so they return'd to the merry greenwood,
Amongst the leaves so green.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BISHOP

Robin Hood and the Bishop

SHOWING how Robin Hood went to an old woman's house and changed clothes with her to escape from the Bishop; and how he robbed the Bishop of all his gold, and made him sing a mass.

To the tune of
Robin Hood and the Stranger.

COME, gentlemen all, and listen awhile,
And a story I 'll to you unfold;
I 'll tell you how Robin Hood served the bishòp,
When he robbed him of his gold.

As it fell out on a sun-shining day,
When Phœbus was in his prime,
Then Robin Hood, that archer good,
In mirth would spend some time.

And as he walked the forest along,
Some pastime for to spy,
There was he aware of a proud bishòp,
And all his companỳ.

"Oh what shall I do," said Robin Hood then,
"If the bishop he doth take me?
No mercy he 'll show unto me, I know,
But hangèd I shall be."

Then Robin was stout, and turned him about,
And a little house there he did spy;
And to an old wife, for to save his life,
He loud began for to cry.

"Why, who art thou?" said the old womàn,
"Come tell to me for good."
"I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood;

"And yonder 's the bishop and all his men,
And if that I taken be,
Then day and night he 'll work my spite,
And hangèd I shall be."

"If thou be Robin Hood," said the old wife,
"As thou dost seem to be,
I 'll for thee provide, and thee I will hide,
From the bishop and his company.

"For I remember, one Saturday night,
Thou brought me both shoes and hose;
Therefore I 'll provide thy person to hide,
And keep thee from thy foes."

"Then give me soon thy coat of grey,
And take thou my mantle of green;
Thy spindle and twine unto me resign,
And take thou my arrows so keen."

And when Robin Hood was thus arrayed,
He went straight to his company,
With his spindle and twine, he oft looked behind
For the bishop and his company.

"Oh who is yonder," quoth Little John,
"That now comes over the lee?
An arrow I will at her let fly,
So like an old witch looks she."

"Oh hold thy hand, hold thy hand," said Robin Hood then,
"And shoot not thy arrows so keen;
I am Robin Hood, thy master good,
And quickly it shall be seen."

The bishop he came to the old woman's house,
And called with furious mood,
"Come let me soon see, and bring unto me,
That traitor Robin Hood."

The old woman he set on a milk-white steed,
Himself on a dapple grey;
And for joy he had got Robin Hood,
He went laughing all the way.

But as they were riding the forest along,
The bishop he chanced for to see

An hundred brave bowmen bold
  Stand under the greenwood tree.

"Oh who is yonder," the bishop then said,
  "That's ranging within yonder wood?"
"Marry," says the old woman, "I think it to be
  A man called Robin Hood."

"Why, who art thou," the bishop he said,
  "Which I have here with me?"
"Why, I am an old woman, thou merry bishòp;
  I am an old woman," said she.

"Then woe is me," the bishop he said,
  "That ever I saw this day!"
He turned him about, but Robin Hood stout
  Called him and bid him stay.

Then Robin took hold of the bishop's horse,
  And tied him fast to a tree;
Then Little John smiled his master upon,
  For joy of that companỳ.

Robin Hood took his mantle from 's back,
  And spread it upon the ground,

And out of the bishop's portmantle he
  Soon told five hundred pound.

"Now let him go," said Robin Hood.
  Said Little John, "That may not be;
For I vow and protest he shall sing us a mass,
  Before that he go from me."

Then Robin Hood took the bishop by the hand,
  And bound him fast to a tree,
And made him sing a mass, God wot,
  To him and his yeomandree.

And then they brought him through the wood,
  And set him on his dapple grey,
And gave him the tail within his hand,
  And bade him for Robin Hood pray.

Robin Hood and Queen Katherine

Robin Hood and Queen Katherine

RENOWNED Robin Hood; or his famous archery truly related in the famous exploits he acted before Queen Katherine, he being an outlaw man; and how he obtained his own and his fellows' pardon.

"IF that I live a year to an end,"
Thus did Queen Katherine say,
"Bold Robin Hood, I will be thy friend,
And all thy yeomen gay."

The queen is to her chamber gone,
As fast as she can win;

She calls unto her lovely page,
His name was Richard Patrington.

"Come thou hither to me, thou lovely page,
Come thou hither to me;
For thou must post to Nottingham
As fast as thou can dree.

"And as thou goest to Nottingham,
Search all the English wood,
Enquire of one good yeoman or another,
That can tell thee of Robin Hood."

Sometimes he went, sometimes he ran,
As fast as he could win;
And when he came to Nottingham,
There he took up his inn.

And when he came to Nottingham,
And had took up his inn,
He called for a bottle of Rhenish wine,
And drank a health to his queen.

There sat a yeoman by his side,
  "Tell me, sweet page," said he,
"What is thy business and thy cause,
  So far in the north country."

"This is my business and the cause,
  Sir, I 'll tell it you for good:
To enquire of one good yeoman or another,
  To tell me of Robin Hood."

"I 'll get my horse betimes in the morn,
  By it be break of day,
And I will show thee bold Robin Hood,
  And all his yeomen gay."

When that he came at Robin Hood's place
  He fell down on his knee;
"Queen Katherine she doth greet you well,
  She greets you well by me;

"She bids you post to fair London court,
  Not fearing anything;
For there shall be a little sport,
  And she hath sent you her ring."

Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
  It was of the Lincoln green,
And sent it by this lovely page,
  For a present unto the queen.

In summer time, when leaves grow green,
  It was a seemly sight to see,
How Robin Hood himself had dressed,
  And all his yeomandree.

He clothed his men in Lincoln green,
  And himself in scarlet red;
Black hats, white feathers, all alike,
  Upon each yeoman's head.

And when he came at London's court,
  He fell down on his knee.
"Thou art welcome, Locksley," said the queen,
  "And all thy good yeomandree."

. . . . . .

"The king is gone to Finsbury field[1]
Marching in battle array,
And after follows bold Robin Hood,
And all his yeomen gay.

"Come hither, Tepus," said the king,
"Bow-bearer after me;
Come measure me out with this line
How long our mark must be."

"What is the wager?" said the queen,
"That must I now know here."
"Three hundred tun of Rhenish wine,
Three hundred tun of beer,

"Three hundred of the fattest harts
That run on Dallom lee.
That 's a princely wager," said the king,
"That needs must I tell thee."

With that bespake one Clifton then,
Full quickly and full soon:

[1] *Ground near Moorfield's, London, famous in old times for the archery practised there.*

"Measure no marks for us, my liege,
We 'll shoot at sun and moon."

"Full fifteen score your mark shall be,
Full fifteen score shall stand."
"I 'll lay my bow," said Clifton then,
"I 'll cleave the willow wand." [1]

With that the king's archers led about,
While it was three and none;
With that the ladies began to shout,
"Madam, your game is gone."

"A boon, a boon," Queen Katherine cries,
"I crave it on bended knee.
Is there any knight of your privy counsèl
Of Queen Katherine's part will be?

"Come hither to me, Sir Richard Lee,
Thou art a knight full good;
For I do know by thy pedigree
Thou sprung'st from Gower's blood.

[1] *A peeled willow wand was the mark at which the contestants were to shoot.*

"Come hither to me, thou bishop of Herefordshire,"
For a noble priest was he.
"By my silver mitre," said the bishop then,
"I'll not bet one penny."

"The king hath archers of his own,
Full ready and full light,
And these be strangers every one,
No man knows what they hight."[1]

"What wilt thou bet," said Robin Hood,
"Thou seest our game the worse?"
"By my silver mitre," then said the bishop,
"All the money within my purse."

"What is in thy purse?" said Robin Hood,
"Throw it down on the ground."
"Fifteen score nobles," said the bishop;
"It 's near an hundred pound."

Robin Hood took his bag from his side
And threw it down on the green;
Will Scadlocke then went smiling away,
"I know who this money must win."

[1] *Hight — are called or named.*

With that the king's archers led about,
  While it was three and three;
With that the ladies gave a shout,
  "Woodcock, beware thy knee!"

"It is three and three, now," said the king,
  "The next three pays for all."
Robin Hood went and whispered the queen,
  "The king's part shall be but small."

Robin Hood he led about,
  He shot it under hand;
And Clifton, with a bearing arrow,
  He clave the willow wand.

And little Midge, the miller's son,
  He shot not much the worse;
He shot within a finger of the prick:
  "Now, bishop, beware thy purse!"

"A boon, a boon," Queen Katherine cries,
  "I crave it on bended knee:
That you will angry be with none
  That are of my party."

ROBIN HOOD he led about,
He shot it under hand

"They shall have forty days to come
And forty days to go
And three times forty to sport and play;
Then welcome friend or foe."

"Thou art welcome, Robin Hood," said the queen,
"And so is Little John,
And so is Midge, the miller's son;
Thrice welcome every one."

"Is this Robin Hood?" now said the king;
"For it was told to me
That he was slain in the palace gates
So far in the north country."

"Is this Robin Hood," quoth the bishop then,
"As it seems well to be?
Had I known it had been that bold outlàw
I would not have bet one pennỳ.

"He took me late one Saturday night
And bound me fast to a tree,
And made me sing a mass, God wot,
To him and his yeomandree."

"What an if I did?" says Robin Hood,
"Of that mass I was fain."
"For recompense of that," he says,
"Here 's half thy gold again."

"Now nay, now nay," says Little John,
"Master, that shall not be.
We must give gifts to the king's officèrs;
That gold will serve thee and me."

ROBIN HOOD'S CHASE

Robin Hood's Chase

OR, a merry progress between Robin Hood and King Henry, showing how Robin Hood led the king a chase from London to London, and when he had taken his leave of the queen he returned to merry Sherwood.

To the tune of

Robin Hood and the Beggar.

COME, you gallants all, to you I do call,
That now are in this place;
For a song I will sing of Henry the king,
How he did Robin Hood chase.

Queen Katherine she a match did make,
As plainly doth appear,

For three hundred tun of good red wine
And three hundred tun of beer.

But yet her archers she had to seek,
With their bows and arrows so good;
But her mind it was bent, with a good intent,
To send for bold Robin Hood.

But when bold Robin he came there,
Queen Katherine she did say,
"Thou art welcome, Locksley," said the queen,
"And all thy yeomen gay;

"For a match of shooting I have made,
And thou on my part, Robin, must be."
"If I miss the mark, be it light or dark,
Then hangèd I will be."

But when the game came to be played
Bold Robin he then drew nigh;
With this mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
He let his arrows fly.

And when the game it ended was,
  Bold Robin won it with a grace;
But after the king was angry with him
  And vowed he would him chase.

What though his pardon granted was
  While he with him did stay;
But yet the king was vexed at him
  When as he was gone his way.

Soon after the king from the court did hie,
  In a furious, angry mood,
And often enquired both far and near
  After bold Robin Hood.

But when the king to Nottingham came,
  Bold Robin was in the wood.
"Oh come now," said he, "and let me see
  Who can find me bold Robin Hood."

But when that bold Robin he did hear
  The king had him in chase,
Then said Little John, "'T is time to be gone,
  And go to some other place."

Then away they went from merry Sherwood,
And into Yorkshire he did hie;
And the king did follow, with a hoop and a hollow,
But could not come him nigh.

Yet jolly Robin he passed along,
And went straight to Newcastle town;
And there he stayed hours two or three,
And then to Barwick is gone.

When the king did see how Robin did flee,
He was vexed wondrous sore;
With a hoop and a hollow he vowed to follow,
And take him, or never give o'er.

"Come now, let 's away," then cries Little John,
"Let any man follow that dare;
To Carlisle we 'll hie with our company,
And so then to Lancaster."

From Lancaster then to Chester they went,
And so did King Henry;
But Robin went away, for he durst not stay,
For fear of some treachery.

"*IF it please your grace, I am come to this place,*
For to speak with King Henry"

Says Robin, "Come, let us to London go,
To see our noble queen's face;
It may be she wants our company,
Which makes the king so us chase."

When Robin he came Queen Katherine before,
He fell low upon his knee:
"If it please your grace, I am come to this place
For to speak with King Henry."

Queen Katherine answered bold Robin again,
"The king is gone to merry Sherwood;
And when he went away, to me he did say,
He would go and seek Robin Hood."

"Then fare you well, my gracious queen,
For to Sherwood I 'll hie apace;
For fain would I see what he would with me,
If I could but meet with his grace."

But when King Henry he came home,
Full weary and vexed in mind,
And that he did hear Robin had been there,
He blamed dame Fortune unkind.

"You 're welcome home," Queen Katherine cried,
"Henry, my sovereign liege;
Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Your person hath been to seek."

But when King Henry he did hear,
That Robin had been there him to seek,
This answer he gave: "He 's a cunning knave,
For I have sought him this whole three weeks."

"A boon! a boon!" Queen Katherine cried,
"I beg it here of your grace:
To pardon his life, and seek not strife."
And so endeth Robin Hood's chase.

The Bold Peddler and Robin Hood

The Bold Peddler and Robin Hood

SHOWING Robin Hood's encounter with a bold peddler and how he was afterward found to be own cousin to merry Robin.

THERE chanced to be a peddler bold,
A peddler bold he chanced to be,
He rolled his pack all on his back,
And he came tripping o'er the lee.

By chance he met two troublesome blades,
  Two troublesome blades they chanced to be
The one of them was bold Robin Hood,
  And the other was Little John so free.

"Oh! peddler, peddler, what is in thy pack?
  Come speedily and tell to me."
"I 've several suits of the gay green silks,
  And silken bowstrings two or three."

"If you have several suits of the gay green silks,
  And silken bowstrings two or three,
Then it 's by my body," cries Little John,
  "One half your pack shall belong to me."

"Oh nay, oh nay," says the peddler bold,
  "Oh nay, oh nay, that can never be;
For there 's never a man from fair Nottingham
  Can take one-half my pack from me."

Then the peddler he pulled off his pack,
  And put it a little below his knee,
Saying, "If you move me one perch from this,
  My pack and all shall go with thee."

Then Little John he drew his sword,
The peddler by his pack did stand,
They fought until they both did sweat,
Till he cried, "Peddler, pray hold your hand!"

Then Robin Hood he was standing by,
And he did laugh most heartily,
Saying, "I could find a man of a smaller scale,
Could thrash the peddler and also thee."

"Go you try, master," says Little John,
"Go you try, master, most speedily,
Or by my body," says Little John,
"I am sure this night you will not know me."

Then Robin Hood he drew his sword,
And the peddler by his pack did stand,
They fought till the blood in streams did flow,
Till he cried, "Peddler, pray hold your hand!"

"Peddler, peddler, what is thy name?
Come speedily and tell to me."
"My name! My name I ne'er will tell,
Till both your names you have told to me."

"The one of us is bold Robin Hood,
And the other Little John so free."
"Now," says the peddler, "it lays to my good will,
Whether my name I choose to tell to thee.

"I am Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea;
For killing a man in my father's land,
From my country I was forced to flee."

"If you are Gamble Gold of the gay green woods,
And travelled far beyond the sea,
You are my mother's own sister's son;
What nearer cousins, then, can we be?"

They sheathed their swords with friendly words,
So merrily they did agree,
They went to a tavern and there they dined,
And bottles cracked most merrily.

THEY went to a tavern and there they dined,
And bottles cracked most merrily

ROBIN HOOD AND THE BUTCHER

Robin Hood and the Butcher

A MERRY relation how Robin met a butcher in the forest and bought both his mare and his meat; how he sold the meat in Nottingham market and afterward beguiled the sheriff of three hundred pounds.

To the tune of

Robin Hood and the Beggar.

COME, all you brave gallants, and listen awhile,
That are this bower[1] within;
For of Robin Hood, that archer good,
A song I intend for to sing.

[1] *In the bowers.*

Upon a time it chancèd so
  Bold Robin in forest did 'spy
A jolly butchèr, with a bonny fine mare,
  With his flesh to the market did hie.

"Good morrow, good fellow," said jolly Robin,
  "What food hast thou? Tell unto me.
Thy trade to me tell, and where thou dost dwell,
  For I like well thy companỳ."

The butcher he answer'd jolly Robìn,
  "No matter where I dwell;
For a butcher I am, and to Nottingham
  I am going my flesh to sell."

"What 's the price of thy flesh?" said jolly Robìn,
  "Come, tell it soon unto me;
And the price of thy mare, be she never so dear,
  For a butcher fain would I be."

"The price of my flesh," the butcher replied,
  "I soon will tell unto thee;
With my bonny mare, and they are not too dear,
  Four mark thou must give unto me."

FOR he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for five

"Four mark I will give thee," saith jolly Robin,
"Four mark it shall be thy fee.
The money come count, and let me mount,
For a butcher I fain would be."

Now Robin he is to Nottingham gone,
His butcher's trade to begin;
With good intent to the sheriff he went,
And there he took up his inn.

When other butchers did open their meat,
Bold Robin he then begun;
But how for to sell he knew not well,
For a butcher he was but young.

When other butchers no meat could sell,
Robin got both gold and fee;
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for three.

But when he sold his meat so fast,
No butcher by him could thrive;
For he sold more meat for one penny
Than others could do for five.

Which made the butchers of Nottingham
To study as they did stand,
Saying, "Surely he is some prodigal,
That hath sold his father's land."

The butchers stepped to jolly Robìn,
Acquainted with him for to be.
"Come, brother," one said, "we be all of one trade,
"Come, will you go dine with me?"

"Accurst of his heart," said jolly Robìn,
"That a butcher doth deny;
I will go with you, my brethren true,
As fast as I can hie."

But when to the sheriff's house they came,
To dinner they hied apace,
And Robin Hood he the man must be
Before them all to say grace.

"Pray God bless us all," said jolly Robìn,
"And our meat within this place;
A cup of sack so good will nourish our blood,
And so do I end my grace.

"Come fill us more wine," said jolly Robin,
"Let us be merry while we do stay;
For wine and good cheer, be it never so dear,
I vow I the reck'ning will pay.

"Come, brothers, be merry," said jolly Robin,
"Let us drink and never give o'er;
For the shot I will pay, ere I go my way,
If it cost me five pounds and more."

"This is a mad blade," the butchers then said.
Says the sheriff, "He is some prodigal,
That some land has sold for silver and gold,
And now he doth mean to spend all.

"Hast thou any horn beasts," the sheriff replied,
"Good fellow, to sell unto me?"
"Yes, that I have, good master sheriff,
I have hundreds two or three,

"And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it to see;
And I 'll make you as good assurance of it,
As ever my father made me."

The sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
  And with three hundred pounds in gold,
Away he went with bold Robin Hood,
  His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the sheriff and Robin did ride,
  To the forest of merry Sherwood;
Then the sheriff did say, "God bless us this day
  From a man they call Robin Hood!"

But when a little farther they came,
  Bold Robin he chanced to spy
A hundred head of good red deer,
  Come tripping the sheriff full nigh.

"How like you my horned beasts, good master sheriff?
  They be fat and fair for to see."
"I tell thee, good fellow, I would I were gone
  For I like not thy company."

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth
  And blew but blasts three;
Then quickly anon there came Little John
  And all his company.

"What is your will, master?" then said Little John.
"Good master, come tell unto me."
"I have brought hither the sheriff of Nottingham
This day to dine with thee."

"He is welcome to me," then said Little John,
"I hope he will honestly pay;
I know he has gold, if it be but well told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day."

Then Robin took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground,
And out of the sheriff's portmantle
He told three hundred pound.

Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey.
"Oh have me commended to your wife at home,"
So Robin went laughing away.

Robin Hood and the Beggar

Robin Hood and the Beggar

SHOWING how Robin Hood and the beggar fought, and how he changed clothes with the beggar, and how he went a begging to Nottingham, and how he saved three brethren from being hanged for stealing of deer.

To the tune of

Robin Hood and the Stranger.

COME and listen, you gentlemen all,
That mirth do love for to hear,
And a story true I 'll tell unto you,
If that you will but draw near.

ROBIN HOOD

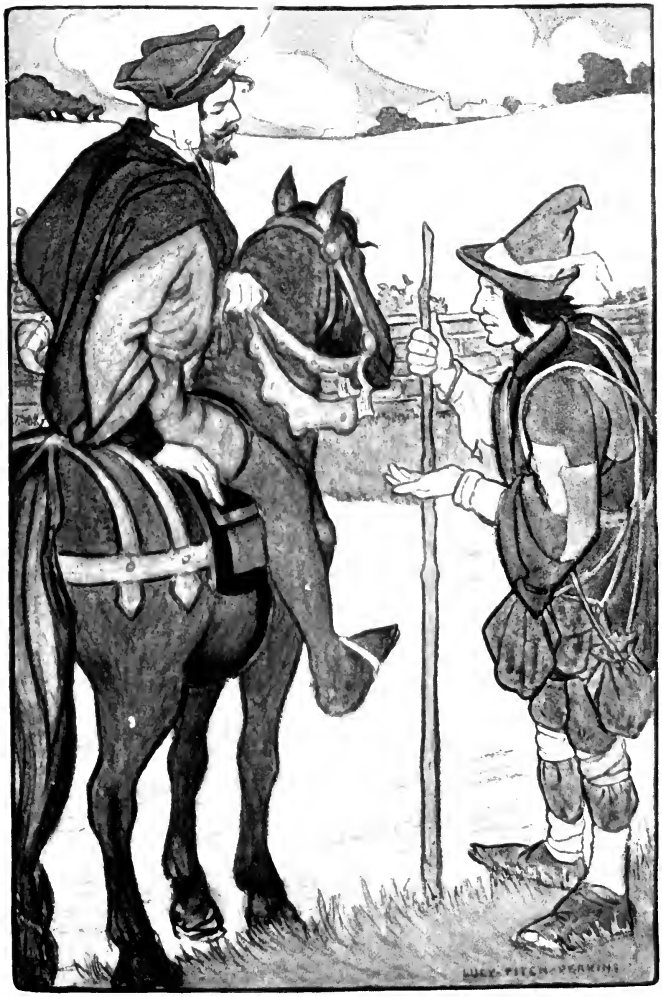
In elder times, when merriment was,
  And archery was holden good,
There was an outlàw, as many do know,
  Which men called Robin Hood.

Upon a time it chanced so
  Bold Robin was merry disposed,
His time to spend he did intend,
  Either with friend or foes.

Then he got upon a gallant brave steed,
  The which was worth angels ten,
With a mantle of green, most brave to be seen,
  He left all his merry men.

And riding towards Nottingham,
  Some pastime for to 'spy,
There was he aware of a jolly beggàr,
  As ere he beheld with his eye.

An old patched coat the beggar had on,
  Which he daily did use to wear;
And many a bag about him did wag,
  Which made Robin to him repair.



"GOD speed, God speed," said Robin Hood,
"What countryman? Tell to me"

"God speed, God speed," said Robin Hood,
"What countryman? Tell to me."
"I am Yorkshire, sir; but, ere you go far,
Some charity give unto me."

"Why, what wouldst thou have?" said Robin Hood.
"I pray thee tell unto me."
"No lands nor livings," the beggar he said,
"But a penny for charity."

"I have no money," said Robin Hood then,
"But am a ranger within the wood;
I am an outlaw, as many do know,
My name it is Robin Hood.

"But yet I must tell thee, bonny beggàr,
That a bout with thee I must try;
Thy coat of grey lay down, I say,
And my mantle of green shall lie by."

"Content, content," the beggar he cried,
"Thy part it will be the worse;
For I hope this bout to give thee the rout,
And then have at thy purse."

So the beggar he had a mickle long staff,
And Robin had a nut-brown sword;
So the beggar drew nigh, and at Robin let fly,
But gave him never a word.

"Fight on, fight on," said Robin Hood then,
"This game well pleaseth me!"
For every blow that Robin gave,
The beggar gave buffets three.

And fighting there full hard and sore,
Not far from Nottingham town,
They never fled till from Robin Hood's head
The blood came trickling down.

"Oh hold thy hand," said Robin Hood then,
"And thou and I will agree."
"If that be true," the beggar he said,
"Thy mantle come give unto me."

"Now a change, a change," cried Robin Hood,
"Thy bags and coat give me;
And this mantle of mine I 'll to thee resign,
My horse and my bravery."

When Robin had got the beggar's clothes,
He looked round about.
"Methinks," said he, "I seem to be
A beggar brave and stout.

"For now I have a bag for my bread,
So have I another for corn;
I have one for salt, and another for malt,
And one for my little horn.

"And now I will a begging go,
Some charity for to find."
And if any more of Robin you 'll know,
In the second part 't is behind.

THE SECOND PART

Now Robin he is to Nottingham bound,
With his bag hanging down to his knee,
His staff, and his coat, scarce worth a groat,
Yet merrily passèd he.

As Robin he passèd the streets along,
He heard a pitiful cry;

Three brethren dear, as he did hear,
  Condemnèd were to die.

Then Robin he hied to the sheriff's,
  Some relief for to seek;
He skipt, and leapt, and capered full high
  As he went along the street.

But when to the sheriff's door he came,
  There a gentleman fine and brave,
"Thou beggar," said he, "come tell unto me
  What it is thou wouldst have."

"No meat, nor drink," said Robin Hood then,
  "That I come here to crave;
But to get the lives of yeomen three,
  And that I fain would have."

"That cannot be, thou bold beggàr,
  Their fact it is so clear;
I tell to thee they hanged must be,
  For stealing of our king's deer."

But when to the gallows they did come
There was many a weeping eye.
"Oh hold your peace," said Robin Hood then,
"For certainly they shall not die."

Then Robin he set his horn to his mouth,
And he blew out blasts three,
Till a hundred bold archers brave
Came kneeling down to his knee.

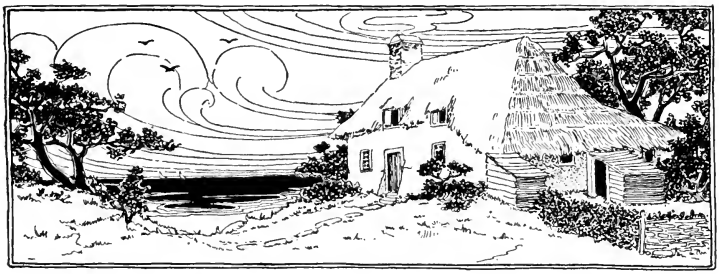
"What is your will, master?" they said.
"We are here at your command."
"Shoot east, shoot west," said Robin Hood then,
"And see you spare no man."

Then they shot east, then they shot west,
Their arrows were so keen,
The sheriff he and his company
No longer could be seen.

Then he stepped to those brethren three
And away he has them ta'en;
The sheriff was crost and many a man lost
That dead lay on the plain.

And away they went into the merry greenwood
  And sung with a merry glee;
Then Robin Hood took those brethren good
  To be of his yeomandry

The Noble Fisherman



The Noble Fisherman

SHOWING how Robin Hood won a prize on the sea, and how he gave the one half to his dame, and the other to the building of an almshouse.

To the tune of

In Summer Time, etc.

IN summer time when leaves grow green,
When they do grow both green and long,
Of a bold outlaw, called Robin Hood,
It is of him I sing this song, —

When the lily leaf and the eglantine
Do bud and spring with a merry cheer,

This outlaw was weary of the woodside,
And chasing of the fallow deer.

"The fishermen brave more money have
Than any merchants two or three;
Therefore I will to Scarborough go,
That I a fisherman brave may be."

This outlaw called his merry men all,
As they sat under the greenwood tree:
"If any of you have gold to spend,
I pray you heartily spend it with me."

"Now," quoth Robin Hood, "I'll to Scarborough go,
It seems to be a very fair day."
He took up his inn at a widow-woman's house
Hard by upon the water grey,

Who asked of him, "Where wert thou born?
Or tell to me where dost thou fare?"
"I am a poor fisherman," said he then,
"This day intrapped all in care."

"*IN my own country, where I was born,*
Men call me Simon over the Lee"

"What is thy name, thou fine fellòw?
I pray thee heartily tell it to me."
"In my own countrỳ, where I was born,
Men call me Simon over the Lee."

"Simon, Simon," said the good wife,
"I wish thou mayest well brook thy name."
The outlaw was ware of her courtesy,
And rejoiced he had got such a dame.

"Simon, wilt thou be my man?
And good round wages I 'll give thee.
I have as good a ship of my own
As any sails upon the sea.

"Anchors and planks thou shalt not want,
Masts and ropes that are so long."
"And if you thus do furnish me,"
Said Simon, "nothing shall go wrong."

They plucked up anchor and away did sail,
More of a day then two or three;
When others cast in their baited hooks,
The bare lines into the sea cast he.

"It will be long," said the master then,
"Ere this great lubber do thrive on the sea;
I'll assure you he shall have no part of our fish,
For in truth he is no part worthy."

"Oh woe is me!" said Simon then,
"This day that ever I came here!
I wish I were in Plompton park,
In chasing of the fallow deer.

"For every clown laughs me to scorn,
And they by me set nought at all;
If I had them in Plompton park,
I would set as little by them all."

They plucked up anchor and away did sail,
More of a day than two or three;
But Simon espied a ship of war,
That sailed towards them most valorously.

"Oh woe is me!" said the master then,
"This day that ever I was born!
For all our fish we have got to-day
Is every bit lost and forlorn.

"For your French robbers on the sea,
They will not spare of us one man,
But carry us to the coast of France,
And leave us in the prison strong."

But Simon said, "Do not fear them,
Neither, mastèr, take you no care;
Give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare."

"Hold thy peace, thou long lubbèr,
For thou art nought but brags and boast;
If I should cast thee overboard,
There 's but a simple lubber lost."

Simon grew angry at these words,
And so angry then was he,
That he took his bent bow in his hand,
And in the ship-hatch goeth he.

"Master, tie me to the mast," saith he,
"That at my mark I may stand fair,
And give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare."

He drew his arrow to the very head,
And drew it with all his might and main,
And straightway, in the twinkling of an eye,
Doth the Frenchman's heart the arrow gain.

. . . . . .

"Oh, master, loose me from the mast," he said,
"And for them all take you no care;
For give me my bent bow in my hand,
And never a Frenchman will I spare."

Then straight they boarded the French ship,
The dead all lying in their sight,
They found within that ship of war
Twelve thousand pounds of money bright.

"The one-half of the ship," said Simon then,
"I 'll give to my dame and children small;
The other half of the ship I 'll bestow
On you that are my fellows all."

But now bespake the master then,
"For so, Simon, it shall not be,

For you have won it with your own hand,
And the owner of it you shall be."

"It shall be so, as I have said;
And, with this gold, for the oppressed
An habitation I will build,
Where they shall live in peace and rest."

Come buy
ye sweet ballads of bold Robin Hood!

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